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ON THE

GREAT LITERARY TRIAL

OF

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A Comi-Tragedy.

"WHETHER IT BE—OR BE NOT FROM THE
IMMORTAL PEN OF SHAKSPEARE?"

VOLUME I.

SIXTH EDITION.

Rudley, Sir H. B. Bart and Mary (W) Sad.

— "Open me a huge Wardrobe abounding in motlie habittes, and make
"howe fantasticalle poore mortals will arrais themselves!"

VORT. and ROW.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY H. BROWN,

FOR J. RIDGWAY, YORK-STREET, ST. JAMES'S-SQUARE.

1796



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DEDICATION.

TO THE

Most NOBLE!—Most ILLUSTRIOUS!

Most PUISSANT!—Most MAGNIFICENT!

Most IRRADIATING  *IN THE BRIGHT*

GALAXY OF THE BRITISH PEERAGE,

JAMES MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, K. G!

Ec! Ec! Ec! Ec! Ec! Ec!

“ Most curious LORD,

*“ THE disputed RECORDS of AN-
 “ TIENT POESY here inclosed, would be de-
 “ based by a deposit in any other hands, than
 “ that cleanly pair, which so peculiarly appertain
 “ to your Lordship, as CUSTOS ROTULORUM
 “ of the MUSES! I discharge but my official*

" duty then, in placing them under your stu-
 " pendous protection!—But as **MAGICO-MA-**
 " **NAGER** of the **WHITE-WAND**, and **GRAND**
 " **MASTER** of **REFINED ARTS**, you must al-
 " low me to look up to your **HIGH MIGHTI-**
 " **NESS** with the rest of mankind,—an *astonished*
 " **Gazer!**

" I am,

" Most Noble, most *&c. &c.*

" Your lowest **FOOT-STOOL**.

" **RALPH REGISTER,**

" Clerk of **ASSIZE**,

" Oyer and Terminer,

" In the **COURTS LITERARY**, *&c. &c.*

FETTER-LANE,
Oct. 5, 1795.

PREFACE.

AS far as this interesting TRIAL has gone, it has been conducted with that rigid impartiality which so particularly distinguishes the various Courts of BRITISH JURISPRUDENCE!—How it may terminate can be known only to the ruler of these great events: indeed, from the contrariety of weighty evidence already advanced, and the cloud of testimonies yet to be adduced, it would be highly indecorous, to indulge even a conjecture upon the probability of its decision!!

The COURT have wisely resolved to sit without further adjournment, in order now to receive at their Bar, the evidence of the first POLITICAL, and LITERARY Characters, against whom, exceptions were so ingeniously taken by Council, but which however have all been most constitutionally over-ruled. These

being gone through, the sage and learned POLONIUS in person, will sum up the whole evidence, and after delivering a solemn and eloquent charge from the Bench, receive from the GRAND INQUEST, that VERDICT, which no doubt, will soon tend to the complete administration of LITERARY JUSTICE, by setting this GREAT QUESTION at rest for ever!!!

LIBRARY

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A

COMI-TRAGEDY.

PENDING the distinguished inquest under which the fact is now trying, whether the newly discovered DRAMA, is, or is not from the pen of SHAKESPEARE, it would be highly indecorous to hazard a single conjecture upon it.—The EDITOR, therefore, will content himself with merely giving a faithful transcript of all that has been successively recorded on this important subject in that fashionable Intelligencer the MORNING HERALD; only remarking, that whatever may be the final issue of the TRIAL, the passages selected from the Piece itself by the se-

veral VOTERS, *pro* and *con*. must remain indelible proofs of the discriminative taste of those, who have here so characteristically enrolled themselves in defence of our BELLES LETTRES.

The following is the paragraphical CHAIN, by which this great Literary Concern has been dragged into such general notice ; viz.

PARAGRAPH.

The SHAKSPEARE *discoveries*, said to be made by the son of Mr. IRELAND, of Norfolk-street, are the Tragedy of LEAR, and another entitled VORTIGERN and ROWENA, now first brought to light, and both in the bard's own hand-writing :—in the same chest are said to have been also found an antique MELANGE of love letters !—*professions of faith* !—*billets doux* !—*locks of hair* !—and family receipts !—The only danger, respecting *faith* in the discovery, seems to be from the indiscretion of finding too much !

If poor CHATTERTON had contented himself, with drawing literary treasure in *moderation* from the monkish chest of ROWLEY, his own *inventive genius* had probably remained unknown !

ANOTHER.

Mr. IRELAND's Tragedy of VORTIGERN, whether sterling, or fictitious, is to go to *Drury-lane*. Mr. SHERIDAN, says, " it is the finest play that SHAKSPEARE ever wrote !—not that he has had leisure yet to read it—but he had it from an authority as classical, and unquestionably as his own judgment ; viz. the solemn assurance of the great Lord SALISBURY himself, a *Critic*, only six removes, by lineal descent, from Mr. SHERIDAN's own immortal BURLEIGH !

FOR THE MORNING HERALD.

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR SHAKSPEARE correspondents know but little of what is going forward in the *mine of discovery*! Lord, Sir, if they wish to get at the *whole truth*, they must dip *deep* into the *old chest*, as the ancients did into the *Piorean well*!—indeed they are not correct even in what they have stated. For instance,—the *precious LOCK OF HAIR*! how comes it, they were so ignorant, as not to know, that Mr. *Justice COLLICK*, the first *Hair Merchant* in the universe, has critically inspected it, and, regardless of the *sacred head of fiction* from whence it was shorn, he, as a *man of business*, could only be brought to say, that if the whole *string* were as good as the *sample*, it was worth no more in the *trade*, than 3s. 9d. an ounce?—The pointed distich on the envelope, however, as his Grace of LEEDS declares, is worth a million!—Here it is:

“ Ere Age with twinge your nerves doth shooke,

“ Catch Love, like Time, by the forelocke!”

By which our annotators will no doubt tell us, that the *Warwickshire* WAG quaintly inculcates the youthful libertinism of—*catch, as catch can!*—Among the more recent treasures, are a moth-eaten *under* PETTICOAT, an undoubted *original!* Mr. MALONE, who, with all his ability, knows but little about *petticoats*, says, this could be no part of the paraphernalia of the immortal Bard;—but Mrs. PIOZZI, and the whole *Blue Stocking Club*, are decidedly of a contrary opinion, and that for the best of all feminine reasons; viz. because Miss HATHAWAY, when she became Mrs. SHAKSPEARE, never failed to *wear* the BREECHES!—we have also Mr. Boswell's authority for this, amongst other *domestica facta* of the Poet. The next curiosity for the *amatuers*, is, a *love* VALENTINE, surrounded, according to antient usage, with *hearts! cupids! doves! and darts!* and in the centre, a *typifying* figure of a cock without a *combe*, (according to antique spelling) with this inexplicable *anagram*:

“ If to my armes you'll fondlye roame,

“ Despighte of *Dadde*, I'll cut your *Combe!*”

W. S.

From this, some of the inspecting *Literati* are cruel enough to infer, that SHAKSPEARE must have had an *intrigue* with the daughter of his ancient enemy *John a COOMBE*,—the undoubted ancestor of the present *Opposition ALDERMAN*, who has the honour of bearing that distinguished name!

The last MORCEAU I shall treat you with at this time, is selected from the RECEIPTS, viz.

“ A RECIPEE *howe to make a GOODLIE*
PLUMBE PUDINGE.”

Even Mr. STEEVENS admits the unquestionable authenticity of this valuable addendum to the *cult-nary art*, by declaring, that Shakspeare could not endure the *stones* of plumbs, which, from setting his *teeth on edge*, were called *jar* raisins; and literally gives an appropriate citation of the following passage, from the Poet's *own words*, which will certainly be received as the best *glossary* to his *own plumb pudding*:

“ SYLVUS.—Put *dates* enough into the bag: but, dearest
“ chuck, I prithee make me *geidings* of the PLUMBS!”

You shall have further documents, equally important and authentic, in a few days, from, Mr. Editor,

Your's,

A Modern ANTIQUARIAN.

PARAGRAPH.

We have it from high authority, that the merits of the great question, respecting the originality of the *newly* discovered PLAY, are put into a train of investigation, before a LITERARY COURT of ENQUIRY, which cannot fail of the most candid, and judicious decision:—It will be managed under the auspices of an illustrious personage, who fortunately unites in his *singular* character, all the critical and judicial talents, requisite for so solemn a disquisition!

March 20.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * The PROCESSION, on opening the LITERARY COURT to try the important QUESTION, whether VORTIGERN and ROWENA, is, or is not from the PEN of SHAKSPEARE? is intended for to-morrow's HERALD.

PARAGRAPH.

March 23.

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA!!!

IT is with much concern we announce, that the PROCESSION, preparatory to opening the Literary Court of Inquest, to try whether this DRAMA is, or is not written by SHAKSPEARE, was obliged to be suspended till Wednesday by an unpleasant accident. Signor DELPINI, that man of mighty mouth, who was to have walked as *Champion* to a PRODIGIOUS COURTIER, unfortunately dislocated his jaw-bone in practising an *Aristocratic Grin*, in compliment to his illustrious Patron!—However, the Sieur FOLLET, almost equally great in the happy distortions of the human countenance, has kindly undertaken this interesting part, and to be ready in it, that day at noon, when this introductory spectacle will certainly take place, and our readers be no longer kept in a state of anxious expectancy!

March 26.

FOR THE MORNING HERALD.

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA!

A COMI-TRAGEDY!

Yesterday morning, at eleven o'clock, the several Officers, and other great Personages, assembled at the HUM MUMS, in Covent Garden, and from thence marched to the LITERARY COURT, in Norfolk-street, in the following STATE PROCESSION, viz.

Four MUTES,

With their fore fingers placed on their lips.

A *Bronze* of Signor DELPINI,

In his happiest stile of face!

THE LOCK OF HAIR

Of Miss HATHAWAY, afterwards the happy

MRS. SHAKSPEARE,

Borne by Mr. Justice COLLICK, *Hair Merchant*,

His train supported by an *Unlicensed HAIR-DRESSER*, dishevelled, and without powder! preceded by a Banner, dedicated

TO WIGGISM!

The Chief Cook of the Crown and Anchor Tavern, with
 cheeks *a la blaze*! carrying—on a *trencher*—
 The Book of FAMILY RECEIPTS!

Six TRUNK MAKERS, two and two.

The Antique TRUNK

Covered with ASS-SKIN still perfect, but furcharged with
moths, black beetles, and cob-webs!—the flappets of the
 covering supported by the six Senior ANNOTATORS
 on the Immortal BARD, and their train upheld by an
 equal number of FARCE Writers.—A Banner follow-
 ing, inscribed

Sacred to FICTION!

The PROMPTER of DRURY-LANE, *gagged*!

The Dramatic FAITH of Mr. SHERIDAN,

Delicately concealed in a *Snow-drop*,

And borne by Mr. KEMBLE, riding on an ELEPHANT,

Over whom waved a Streamer displaying the word
 MANAGEMENT!

A Groupe of SPIRITS—*blue! red! black! and grey!*

A Waxed Semblance of

The Mighty BURLEIGH!

His Banner advanced before, displaying

Three DRIED NEATS TONGUES,

The Family Arms, with their Motto,

“ELOQUENCE!”

The DANISH CHAMBERLAIN POLONIUS,
With his *White Wand* of Office, and his Train supported by
Three OPÉRA EUNUCHS !

The *Sieur* FOLLET,
In the Armour of HAMLET's GHOST, bearing the
Club of HERCULES, as his CHAMPION.

An *Embossed* MONEY-BAG,
With " LICENCES at any PRICE !"
Inscribed in Golden Characters.

SIX FIDLERS, with broken bows !

SIX FEMALE SINGERS, weeping !

BANNER—" Sacred to HARMONY !"

Sir FRETFUL,
Carried in torture on his own WHEEL !

The BLUE-Stocking CLUB
Slip-shod, and garter'd below knee !

VORTIGERN,

Represented by Mr. *Kiddy* DAVIS, as the only Gentleman
of either Theatre, skilled in the Etiquette of *Saxon Dignities*, supported by the Under HARLEQUIN of
Drury—Mr. DAVIS making it a special request, that
his Train-bearer might be one who well understood
trap !

DRAMATIC PERFORMERS,

Walking in pairs, after the antique fashion of
entering NOAH's ARK.

SCENE-SHIFTERS, &c. &c. &c.

The august procession entered the COURT about
one, when the Commission was opened in due form:
the interesting particulars of which, we hope to re-
cord on Friday next.

FIRST DAY's TRIAL.

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

A

COMI-TRAGEDY.

AS soon as the Court was opened with all due formalities, the DANISH CHAMBERLAIN, Lord POLONIUS, arose, and gracefully made an obeisance to *himself* in a spacious Mirror, which was instantly returned by a figure of similar dignity, from this STATE REFLECTOR, dexterously placed in the front of the CHAIR, that his Lordship might have the judicial advantage of seeing what he *himself* was about, which no other person in the Court could ever know, or possibly divine!—The *Sieur FOLLET*, as Chamberlain's *Grand*

CHAMPION, then gigantically advanced, and after throwing down his gauge, and thrice brandishing his *Herculean Club*, affixed a written PROCLAMATION to its butt, when placing the smaller end on the bridge of his nose, the following preliminary CHALLENGE became visible to all around; viz.

“ If any one present dare gainsay, that the Lord POLO-
“ NIUS is the most *witty*! most *wise*! most *valorous*!
“ most *eloquent*! most *disinterested*! most *beloved*! most
“ *puissant*! most *chaste*! let him come forth, and I, the
“ unworthy *Champion* of that mighty Lord, will tell him,
“ that he lyes in his teeth; and, from my furious wrath,
“ the Lord deliver his miserable carcase!!!”

[Here an enraged *Musician* indignantly advanced, with an intent, as was supposed, to take up the glove; but was prevented in being humanely knocked down by one of the *Beef-eaters*.]—A nod mandatory was now given from the Chair as a cue to the principal *Harlequin*, who, waving his dagger of lath over a richly inlaid tablet, a pair of folding doors of ophir flew open, and discovered an irradiating glory of æthereal blue and gold, darting its

transcendent beams on the *Title Page* of an antique volume in quarto, curiously filligreed, and fretted with *moths* and *earwigs*, and entitled

VORTIGERN AND ROWENA;

On Harlequin waving his lath a second time, a light coloured cloud gently descended to a soft strain of Æolian measure, which opening, displayed a scrawl with this Inscription—

Ye, of the School of *Nature*, as of *Art*, draw near,

“ And faithful verdict give

“ Between the sacred memory

“ Of your Immortal BARD

“ And his Accusers, by whom he now stands Charged

“ As the Villifier of his own fair fame,

“ In penning the COMI-TRAGEDY now before you!

“ Peruse, therefore, this *Dramatic RECORD*,

“ And your several judgments pronounced thereon,

“ By selecting severally a Passage from the same,

“ Which shall be enregistered,

“ In affirmation, or negation of that

“ LITERARY FACT, which the majority

“ Of your suffrages must finally decide.

“ APPROACH!”

The instantaneous pressing forward of the *Literati! Cognoscenti! Dilectanti!* &c. &c. of both sexes, to inspect the Record, was so great and violent, that it reached even the Chair of State like an electric shock! when *Polonius*, rising up, in dignified dismay, signified to his officers, by the pale vibration of his nostrils, that it was his mighty pleasure the Court should be adjourned! This was effected by the talismanic sword of Harlequin as soon as possible, but not till a few *pushing* characters of the *Literary Jurors* had fixed on the following passages, and enregistered their votes thereon; viz.

PASSAGES

SELECTED AS SUFFRAGES ON THE

FIRST DAY'S TRIAL; viz.

I.—Lady CH. C—B—LL.

———“ Look what a shape !

“ Limbes fondlie fashioned in the wanton moulde

“ Of Nature !—Warm in Love's flie wytycherie,

“ And scorninge all the draperie of Arte,

“ A spider's loome nowe weaves her thinne attire,

“ Through which the roguish tell-tale windes

“ Do frolicke as they lisse !”

PAGE 17.—*Guilty.*

II.—Mr. B——F—Y.

“ I do remember him a *quaker boy* to a Lisbon Vintner,
 “ who at morne washed his facre face in the *Tagus* to ad-
 “ mire it in its glasse!—Next a grande compounder of
 “ fours and sweetes—himselfe the quintessence of bothe!
 “ Then was he a medlar in debate, until his eloquence
 “ leaked to the lees: now makes he oceans of plum wine,
 “ and, by contacte betweene water and browne sugar, will
 “ he muddle Christian men, as warie Dames catche
 “ flies!”

PAGE 83.—*Not Guilty.*

 III.—Lady A. MURRAY.

——— “ A lovely stemme,
 “ Whose cyon grafted from a Royal stocke,
 “ Earlie putte forthe one sweete, and tender blossome,
 “ And then neglected, wildie runne to ruine!”

PAGE 13.—*Not Guilty.*

IV.—Lord TH—RL—W.

——“ He is a rough Sinythe,
“ Who o’er warme work, sweares, more than whistles;
“ He makes poor punie knaves the bellows blowe,
“ But when the iron’s well inflam’d, forth comes
“ His mightie sledge, and thumps the pliante metalle
“ To his purpose!”

PAGE 108.—*Guilty.*

V.—Mr. ST—V—NS.

——“ He was, by “ an indenture to witte,” appren-
“ ticed to a twister of common sence, and afterwards set up
“ fancie-monger on his own bottome: he lives now by
“ stitching motlie buttons on dead *Bards*’ jackets! And
“ yet this varlet has humour; for he’ll laugh you till his
“ sides crack at his own comical disfigurements!”

PAGE 34.—*Not Guilty.*

SECOND DAY'S TRIAL.

ON resuming the *Grand Literary Court* on Saturday, order was happily restored, by an emanation of that *official wisdom* with which the LORD POLONIUS is so peculiarly gifted! A *golden padlock*, it seems, had been most delicately affixed that morning to the antique clasps of the COMI-TRAGEDY. This, at first, naturally excited a little surprize, by it was soon dispelled by the very graceful delivery of the following *State Paper*, from the courtly hand of Mr. Kiddy DAVIS, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, whom the Manager has kindly lent, as SAXON REPRESENTATIVE in waiting of the heroic VORTIGERN!

(COPY.)

“ BY AUTHORITY!!!

“ It is ORDERED, that no person, of what *rank, quality,*
“ or *degree* soever, shall presume to take any *part, share,*
“ or *interest* in, or give any *public opinion* on, the sacred-
“ DRAMA of *Vortigern and Rowena*, until such person

" shall have been first duly invested with a *Two Guinea*
" stamped LICENCE, under our hand and seal, on pain,
" and peril of being prosecuted with the utmost rigour,
" as a *Vagabond*, under the wholesome statute, entitled,
" *The Vagrant Act!*" " so wisely instituted for the cor-
" rection of such *State abuses!*

(Signed)

" POLONIUS.

(Counterigned)

" FOLLET, G. C."

This was allowed by all the *knowing ones* present, to be a *thought* of the most *profound polity*, and equal to any thing recorded of the sagacious *House of BURLEIGH!* It naturally branched itself into a two-fold good; viz. 1. as a touch-stone of *insurance* as to the *qualification*, and *ability* of voters!—2dly— which his Lordship's *liberality* must mark as the principal consideration,—it instantly made the *Literary Inquest* more *select*, tended to expedite the proceedings of the Court, and thus patriotically expose the endless duration of *Hasting's Impeachment!* Licences were accordingly taken out by those who were prepared for this *voluntary LEVY*; and those who were not, were very decorously kicked out of Court!

Another decree of a subordinate kind, likewise passed, viz. to change the *suffrage*, annexed to the chosen Passages, from GUILTY and Not GUILTY, to "GENUINE" and "Not GENUINE;"—the vulgar repetition of the sound of *guilt*, &c. being sometimes observed to raise a *demi-blush* of confusion on the OFFICIAL cheek!—The solemn business of the day then commenced.

The following is the List of *Licensed* VOTERS, and their selected *Passages*, enregistered at this Sitting, which we are promised in time for to-morrow's publication, viz.

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| 5. Marg. ANS—H. | 8. Mrs. FITZ—T. |
| 6. Earl H—WE. | 9. Lord CH—R. |
| 7. Hon. Mrs. ST—N—PE. | 10. Marquis Tow—D. |

The CLERK in COURT has directed us to make an *Erratum* in our first day's report, on the *Passage* which Mr. B—F—Y had so aptly selected for his conscientious suffrage to repose on!—we therefore request that the *Cognoscenti* will *erase*, and thus *amend* the *Record* :

For "washed his *sacre* face in the Tagus,"

Write "washed his *fair* in the Tagus,

"To admire it in its glasse, &c."

This emendation is unquestionably due to common *decency* as well as common sense. The word *facre*, as a Saxon derivative, unfortunately signifies *fallow*! it cannot therefore be supposed by those in any habits with the worthy Member for *Yarmouth*, that a Gentleman, naturally conscious of so *fair a face* himself, could have selected a passage thus personally repugnant to his own taste and feelings!

VI.—Marg—ne of AN—P—CH.

“ Oh! she would enacte you, from earliest youthe,
“ scenes to bewitche men’s eyes! and cares! and hartes!
“ —Of late she did performe the QUEENE-right regallie;
“ and got a goodlie Sir to playe her FOOLE!—Heaven
“ blesse her *Highbesse*; for she hath had her ups, and
“ downes in this madde worlde in plentie!”

PAGE 3.—*Not GENUINE.*

VII.—Earl H—w E.

——— “ At ebbe of fleetinge life,
 “ One deeде of armes he valiantlie atchiev'd,
 “ Of warlike enterprize !—Alofte he bore
 “ The British standarde to that ruthlesse coaste,
 “ Where *Gallicke* streamers deeplie stain'd with bloode,
 “ Brav'd the indignant skie ! there proudlie conquer'd :
 “ Oh ! noblie done !—With laurel wreathe well grac'd,
 “ Nowe let the vet'ran Chiefe seek calme retreatе,
 “ Cheer'd by the radiance of his settinge sunne,
 “ Left Chance should marre, by palsied stroke his fame !”

PAGE 12.—GENUINE.

 VIII.—Hon. Mrs. ST—N—PE.

——— “ ROWENA hearde the tale,
 “ Smil'd 'midde her griefe, o'er all his val'rous deedes,
 “ Then ask'd, in teares, his storie o'er againe !”

PAGE 7.—GENUINE.

IX.—Lord CH—R.

“ Howe can I shifte me more?—Have I not runne
“ through all the colours of the changeful skie?—My
“ coate and doublette, are they not thread-bare growne in
“ turninge?—Were not my very skinne seene through,
“ I’d trie the t’other side of that to please you!”

PAGE 76.—GENUINE.

X.—Mrs. FITZ—T.

—— “ O! lengthen’d torture of suspense!
“ And must I grace a *Courtlie* Rival’s triumphe?
“ —Bende stubborn harte, and lowlie learn to meete
“ The toweringe eye of her, whose pictured charmes
“ At distance won the fickle truante from thee.
“ Alack! too near thy weakneses were seene,
“ And so they’re now most speedilie forgotten!”

PAGE 2.—Not GENUINE.

X.—Marq—s Tow—o.

“ Of all your sharp-brain'd fellowes, give me a *wet*
“ *witte*! Why, he's the Prince of Bottle Conjurors! he'll
“ draw you six long cokes in the twinklinge of a land-
“ ladie's eye!—At *Lente*, a spice o' th' moral man comes
“ o'er him; now weares he sackcloth, and loathing his
“ wine, chauntes straines of psalmodie in doleful spirit:
“ —At *Lammas*, the fleshe againe prevailes, and then car-
“ rols he tales of bawdrie, 'till he sendes the Moone
“ shame-faced to bed!”

PAGE 4.—GENUINE.

THIRD DAY'S TRIAL.

XI.—Lord E—DL—Y.

— “Why, he's no *Jewe*! I sawe him eate *Porke* with
“ a *Pigge-driver*, and afterwarde goe forthe, and hunt
“ the *Strande* for a littel sweete sauce to the fleshe!—Hea-
“ ven blesse him; for he has a true *Christiane* harte, that
“ bids him ope his palme to all that neede it!”

PAGE II.—*Not GENUINE.*

XII.—Duchefs of Y—K.

— “That's her, the mirrore of her sexe,
“ Reflecting graces that adorne her state!
“ Viewe ye that eye uplifted, of purest blue?
“ Not for her patiente selfe she askes a boone,
“ But fighes for blessinges wyde on all arounde her!”

PAGE 3.—GENUINE.

XIII.—Miss Oc—z.

“ Where could I place my liking more worthilie, than
 “ on his manlye witte, and playful partes ?—An antiente
 “ aunte of mine, who is *sande-blinde*, faine would have
 “ crost my love—but I told her I had eyes, and could
 “ chuse my owne partner for *Blindman's buffe* !—My
 “ father, heaven thank it, is a goodlie man o'th' *Cburch*,
 “ and well-natured—for he coaxed my chinne, and smil-
 “ ing saide—forget not, Childe, to worke me out a MITRE
 “ in chaine-stitche !”

PAGE 1.—GENUINE.

XIV.—Sir JOHN S—nc—r.

— “ A ploddinge Sir, that dailie held
 “ Fantasticke converse with his mother *Earthe* !
 “ A mightie analyzer of all that's littel !
 “ He'd turn the skinne of a poor *barley-corne*
 “ Full six times o'er its backe, t'explore its gender !
 “ Bred in that frugal clime, where man per force
 “ Makes his poor breeches o'the cuttinge windes,
 “ He thought the humble herdes in this might have
 “ Precedence ; so he mov'd, kind soule to cloathe
 “ The SHEEP, by special Acte of Senate !”

PAGE 6.—Not GENUINE.

XV.—Lady Ar——r.

—— “ Mine was the earlie arte
“ To banishe Nature’s blushes from the checke!
“ I learnt it of a *Dyer’s* wife in SPAIN, E,
“ Whose face in Tyrian die was so engrain’d,
“ That *Turkie Cokes* assail’d her as she paste!”

PAGE 21.—Not GENUINE.

XVI.—Mr. T—TH—MP—N.

“ I mett i’ th’ Vale of *Eveshame* the spawne of a *Jewe*
“ *Pedlare*: He had wiselie made the most of his father’s
“ wares, for he wore them right swaggeringlie on his
“ owne backe!—He was an odde fishe—talked of *du-*
“ *cattes*, as of duckes, and drakes—and swore he was cir-
“ cumcised i’ th’ fleshe, to become a mender of the State!”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

FOURTH DAY'S TRIAL.

XVII.—P—ss of W—l—s.

— “ She came

- “ A lovelie stranger to a foreigne clime,
 “ To scale her virgin vowe, and proudlie winne
 “ A People's homage! ———
 “ Rough was her passage o'er! for three long Moones
 “ The fretful elements conspired in wrathe
 “ To wrest her from her LORDE!—but now arriv'd,
 “ Of this sweete, tender plante, O thou possessest,
 “ Keepe from its roote the briar's thornie snare,
 “ And baneful creepinge ivie of a *Courte*:
 “ So may this faire exoticke blesse our soile,
 “ And bloome therein at peace!”

PAGE 2.—GENUINE.

XVIII.—DUKE of P—D.

“ These habiliments of tiffued honour, hange so looslie
 “ on me, that with reverence to my *Grace*, I am taken for
 “ little more than one decked out in other mens’ deserts.—
 “ Let that pass. But saie, on what state feature of my vi-
 “ sage, dare any man read *Dupe* ? ’Tis true that I am a
 “ serving man o’th’ *Courte*—Do all that wiser men com-
 “ mand me—Keepe my *Kinge’s* Council, and misse own
 “ place—Then dupe me no *Dupes* ! And, were I not afraid
 “ of staininge my Courtlie Doublet, I might scratch out
 “ that filthie worde with daggers ; But I’ll be no man’s
 “ *dupe* in such bloodie deedes, that’s poz !”

PAGE 100.—*Not* GENUINE.

XIX.—D—ss of C—D.

— “ How’s this ? a *marriage regalle*,
 “ And I not bidden to the feaste ?—The times
 “ Are shamefully untun’d—What then avails
 “ The minde well-fashion’d for a *Courte* intrigue ?
 “ Or arte to lime the giddie royalle birde
 “ Ere he can soare on pinion of discretion ?
 “ But as they’ve piqued my woman’s pride,
 “ Let them look to’t !—The *bonied-moon* gone downe,
 “ I’ll play the *cater-cousin* yet among ’em !”

PAGE 101.—GENUINE.

XX.—Sir Wm. D—L—N.

“ A KNIGHTE begotten at a retreate i' th' *bolie* warres !
 “ and now drie-nursed by his *Alma Mater* ! He is a moral
 “ master of propriety, and was at oddes with a crofs-leg-
 “ ged *Oxford* Tailor, for turning out his toes on *Sundaies* !
 “ —So pious is his regarde for every man's soul, that he
 “ strives to packe it off to heaven in its best bib, and
 “ tucker ! !”

PAGE I.—GENUINE.

XXI.—Hon. Mrs. D—R.

— “ She, from a block of *Parian* marble,
 “ Drewe cold antipathies 'gainst flesh and bloode,
 “ Which custome turn'd to loathing. Nought could move
 “ Her wrapt imagination, save some parte,
 “ Or limbe, grac'd into muscular proportion
 “ By her own hand, so faire, and so creative :
 “ On this she'd gaze, and bende to sacrifice,
 “ With strange delighte !”

PAGE 4.—Not GENUINE.

XXII.—Mr. B—KE.

" I knewe a busie *Esquire* who consumed his daies in
" rakeing fierrie coales under the Cauldron o' the State to
" make hotte water !—yet had he genius, withwhich he
" sublimelie soared beyond human ken ! it was also beau-
" tiful—for it scorned to traverse in a strait line ;—heaven
" blefs such wittes from the foule fiende !"

PAGE 13.—Not GENUINE.

FIFTH DAY's TRIAL.

XXIII.—Earl of C—RL—LE.

“ Thoughe once a *Commissioner* on a simple embassie, am
“ I enacted a bond-man perpetual under the *huge* SEALE
“ of follie?—Being both my friendes, and *Statesmen* now
“ at oddes, you do mine honour much injurie! You have
“ stucke me up as a pent-house, under which to meete, and
“ call each other foule names by virtue of your *prerogative*
“ *courtlie*! Doubtles, you will next expecte to shoote
“ deadlie metal at each other, through my statelie bodie!
“ —But thanks to my *Witte*, I have the gifte of rhyme;
“ so will I speciallie indite my grievances in metre, that
“ wise men may admire, and pitie me!”

PAGE 22.—Not GENUINE.

XXIV.—Marc—fs T—ns—D.

—— “ Howe she was won
 “ To yielde her virgin harte so strangelic up,
 “ No one hath chronicled; that *Gossip* save,
 “ Whose ill-engender'd tales of foule reporte,
 “ *Truthe* smothers soone as borne.—Oh! once betrothed,
 “ She, midde the ranke infections of a *Courte*,
 “ Bore her bewitchinge beauties with such grace,
 “ That not a lawlesse eye dare gaze upon them!
 “ Faithful to plighted vowes, her youthful course
 “ She run with adverse yeares; and spighte of bloode,
 “ Kept her quicke pulse by lowlie temp'ature,
 “ Coole as the lagging current of her *Lorde's*;
 “ And thus in chaſtitie ſo rare,—became
 “ The envied mother of a lovelie race!”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

XXV.—Mr. C—nn—G.

“ Before the *moulting* time, he promised to be a prettie
 “ Birde, of hopeful Songe!—A blyſter on the backe of the
 “ *State Chyrurgeon*, for clippinge my young *Darwe* under
 “ the tongue, to make him more eloquente! Indeed,
 “ Dame, the poore cut fowle hath ne'er *prattled* to any
 “ tune ſince!”

PAGE 2.—GENUINE.

XXVI.—Miss B—Y St—T.

“ They call’d for *Little Figure*, as I dealt,
 “ And—Omen deare!—up came the KING of *Hartes*!
 “ —Would that he were not of the *royalle bloode*!
 “ And yet ’tis none of that proude current bids
 “ Mine tingle thus thro’ every little veine;
 “ Oh no!—true love is far above all state:
 “ His lookes are *Princelie*—but his fighes, and vowes,
 “ Blende soft, and sweete with mine of humbler birthe!”

PAGE 117.—GENUINE.

XXVII.—Ad. M'B—DE.

“ I had sacked their faire Citie, but that the renigadoes
 “ of *Dunkirke*, like so many sea-moles, raised shoales, and
 “ sande-bankes to pick up my deep-water barques!—The
 “ Cowardes knew me well, and so came not within the
 “ reache of my red-hot shotte!—The first convenient
 “ *Moone* at full, I’ll trie the knaves on t’other tacke—
 “ till then, I must content me with the goode reportes
 “ the dailie Newesmen do so prettilie promulgate of my
 “ fame!”

PAGE 99.—Not GENUINE.

XXVIII.—Duke of D——T.

—— — “ Here Damsels! view
“ A *Knighe* gallante, bedeckt in beauties’ spoiles!
“ Her *Royalle semblance* at my breast I weare,
“ But have not said, her *love* she gave me with it;
“ Of that no matter:—but by your bright eyes
“ She had the most invitinge rubbie lippe,
“ That *France* through all her womanhood could boaste!
“ —Mark ye this ribbande of *Imperial* blue?
“ If it were not her owne softe *garter*,
“ Yet, I proteste, transportinglie ’twas gained,
“ By the sweete breathe of her solicitude:
“ What could a *Regal beautie* more?”

SIXTH DAY'S TRIAL.

XXIX.—Sir S—D—Y SM—TH.

—“ When I served the *Royalle SWEDE*, he gave my
“ valoure fulle credence for what it did intende!—but
“ my furlie counciemen are keene reckoners to passe a
“ runninge account with—they will have the cleare sum
“ totale of bloode, and conflagration! Suppose ye, the
“ *Frenche*, deepe skilled in the artes magique, mighte re-
“ builde the Shippes which my prowesse did annihilate—
“ howe am I to blame?—I burnt them all to sea-char-
“ coale, and that in the twinklinge of my owne Northerne
“ Starre, as I am a *Knighte*, and a *Circumnavigator*! Had
“ I thoughte that my reporte would have been unaccre-
“ dited, I might have sworne that I ate them into the
“ bargaine!”

XXX.—D—tc—fs of R—T—D.

" Were I a Woman with an Angel face,
" By birthe distinguisht, and with children blest,
" I would not blurre the stocke of such faire fame,
" By apeing of the wanton thinge I am not !
" Youthe's giddie meteor, *Ladie*, is gone bye,
" Lofte in declension midde new blazinge starres :
" Why then through Follie's ever changeful skie
" It's tracklesse-course pursue ?—Have you not seene,
" When heaven's own constellations 'gin to wane,
" More, and more chaste, and envied they doe shine,
" Ev'n to their farewelle settinge !"

PAGE 103.—GENUINE.

XXXI.—I. CH—S WY—D—M.

“ — I knewe him, t’other side the *Appenines*, on his
“ youtheful travel, a fellowe of much honest worthe,—
“ one wedded to his friende, and flaske!—No sooner did
“ the Dog starre rage, than out he sallied forthe among
“ the softer sexe, a gaie gallante!—and, by the masse, the
“ rantipole dames of qualitie made the most of him!—
“ Good nature was his foible; for he rode you his dailie
“ roundes through *Padua* on horsebacke, to keepe honest
“ mens’ *wives* quiet!—Even his hunter would stop, as
“ ’twere by animal instincte, at the newest signe of the
“ *bornes*!—The wagge has had his daye—and now calm-
“ lie sits he downe, and talkes of fraile atchievements
“ paste, like an invalided warriore, unfit for bodilie ser-
“ vice!”

PAGE 44.—Not GENUINE.

XXXII.—C—fs of AL—M—LE.

- “ Oh! she could shifte almost her lovelie sexe—
“ To everie motion give a varying grace!
“ This daie she'd leade the TROOPE i'th' *tented felde*!
“ Nexte—walke a furious matche 'gainst gaffer TIME!
“ At heade of HOUNDES now hunte the wilie Foxe,
“ Outstriepe her Lorde, and claime the culprit's brushe!
“ Then urge the Chariot race with fieric steeds!
“ Or *steer the VESSEL* through o'erwhelming seas!
“ —I marvel, when in aire she'll learne to *flie*!
“ Oh winges she soone must have to soare alofte,
“ And drawe mens' eyes adoringlie tow'rds heaven!

PAGE 7.—Not GENUINE.

SEVENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

XXXIII.—Earl FITZ—M.

“ They sent me over seas, to be tossed by one of my
“ owne *Irishe Bulls* !—When I thought to plaie on them
“ a *Yorksbire bite*, flylie came there forthe one further
“ from the *Northe*, who *cabbaged* all my buckram, and
“ left my state doublet without bodie lineing !—Oh, Sir,
“ they have treated me most insultinglie !—I have been
“ caught in their *Courte-trappe*, like a *Dunstable Larke*,
“ and now they intend to roast and baste me, without
“ any of the crumbes of comforte ! But, by the grace of
“ G—d, and the *Bisshop* of mine own anointing, I have
“ preserved true my *Catholicke faithe* !”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

XXXIV.—C—ss D—LK—TH.

“ So faire a bloffome hath not *Scotia* graced,
“ Since the dire daies of beauties martyr’d *Queene* !
“ Her bridal Maides no am’rous flowret strew’d
“ Before *Rowena*,—nature’s sweetest bud,
“ Who chafte blufh’d herself a damask rose ;
“ ’Twas almost finne to pluck it ! I marvel much,
“ Whether that envied chiefe, her Northern Lorde,
“ Will give fuch hopeful lovelineffe in bloom,
“ To the rude breathe of Caledonian climes !”

PAGE 121.—Not GENUINE.

XXXV.—Commodore P—NE.

“ To ferve a *Prince* right courteouf lie, you fhould be no
“ maker of *mince meat* !—Amphibious muft you be !—
“ prompt to atchieve ftrange deedes by lande, or water !
“ on fhore, his *Highbnefs*’ wantes, and wifhes execute,
“ before the fancie royalle hathe time to fafhion them :
“ and when your barke’s afloat, give up your pliant failles
“ to amorous windes, and fetch him cargoes of untried
“ love from ev’ry pointe o’ th’ compafs !”

PAGE 19.—GENUINE.

XXXVI.—Mrs. S—W B—G E.

- “ How trulie widowed weeds
“ Depict the semblance of a *Woman's* sorrowe !
“ Well do they name these mournful ribands *Love—*
“ Emblems of joye that's past, and love that's yet in store !
“ Come hither *Blanche*—say how I look to-daie ?
“ For if my glasse speake true, this sorrowe feign'd
“ Doth charminglie become me !”

PAGE 20.—*Not GENUINE.*

EIGHTH DAY'S TRIAL.

XXXVII.—Earl of Ux—GE.

—— “ I am myself descended from the antiente
“ loines of Alexander the *Copper Smithe* ! but it matters
“ not how a *greate man* was either borne or begotten, if
“ *chance* do but stande his God-father !—I knewe a fel-
“ lowe, destined by fate to scratche like a mole under
“ grounde, ’till delvinge there one luckie daie, he spied a
“ veine of *shineinge oare*, on which he sette men of more
“ genius than himselfe to worke him out a *Crownette*—
“ This, deckt with belles and feathers, on his owne tem-
“ ples of unblushinge metal formed, did he swaggeringlie
“ place, for all mens’ eyes to marvelle at !”

PAGE 77.—GENUINE.

XXXVIII.—Sir Ch. T—N—R.

— “ Give me a SOLDIER of *fortune*, who can afforde
 “ to hunte his enemie abroad with *bloode boundes* ! Re-
 “ turninge home, he maie champion fate to th’ utter-
 “ moste, and stand you undauntedlie a throwe o’ the *dice*
 “ *boxe*, more deadlie than the rattle of *Bellona’s cannon* ! ”

PAGE 23.—Not GENUINE.

XXXIX.—C—fs of P—MF—T.

— “ Oh Sir ! I’ll wager you
 “ The Lapedaries skille ’gainst that of nature !
 “ It matters not howe plaine th’ entablature
 “ Rounde which the cunninge artiste doth besette
 “ His sparklinge jewelrie !—What *Dame* can lacke
 “ The living lustre of an hazle *eye*,
 “ Whose vacancie a brilliant gem filles up ?
 “ —Or who the poutinge ripeness of a *lip*,
 “ Which rubies so enchantinglie supplie ? ”

PAGE 66.—GENUINE.

XL.—Mr. C—WTH—NE.

— “ My wife’s *BANKE* is as firme as the proude one
“ which the *Londonne* Merchantess doe intende for their
“ faire citie!—I *puncte* at it mine owneselfe i’ th’ familie
“ way, so both are gainers; for though she may cocke
“ me out of my coine, I have my night’s amusement for
“ my monie!”

PAGE 30.—Not GENUINE.

NINTH DAY'S TRIAL.

XLI.—Mar—fs S—y.

—— “ As I am not more coylie fashioned than the
 “ huntrefs *Dian*, I finde no sporte i' th' Chase, unless
 “ they mount me on a mettled steede—one retaining all
 “ the powers which bounteous Nature gave him ! I rode
 “ a geldinge in my youtheful daies—but the dull *Mule*
 “ had not one pace to please me ! It joies me most to be
 “ in at the extatic deathe!—but howe that can be, I
 “ marvel, unless a woman be gaillie mounted ?”

PAGE 25.—Not GENUINE.

XLII.—Earl of CH—TE—D.

—— “ Between you and me, he's become no less
 “ a creature, then the ear-wig of the Caxon Royale!—
 “ To be a bearer of wonderous tidings, is his soule's
 “ delighte; and when he cannot picke up his budget
 “ fulle of tales, how marvelousslie will he coin 'em!—
 “ He's chuck full of antickes—and he'll fetch and
 “ carrie poft, like an over-sea dog, so that you do but
 “ laughe, and spit on a crust for his foolerie !”

PAGE 110.—GENUINE.

XLIII.—Mrs. Ed. B—v—IE.

“ Thinke not you gaze upon a statue here,
 “ Whose beauties live but on an outward forme !
 “ Inspecte the movements of *Ispbina's* minde,
 “ And these will sanctione Man's idolatrie !
 “ —Her maiden modestie she still retaines
 “ Through all the duties of a wedded life.
 “ With meltinge energies of soul endued,
 “ See with what grace she mildlie yields her owne,
 “ Or rules by reason's charme another's will !
 “ Oh let this lovelie gem be fairlie copied.” —

PAGE 44.—GENUINE.

XLIV.—Earl of J—Y.

— “ I followe our Sovereigne Lord the *Prince* in
 “ Kendal Greene, to hunte the hinde, and harte, to the
 “ founde of mine own horne !—Passing *Hearne's Oake*, our
 “ last ring i' th' forest, my *roane mare* made a false step,
 “ and wisking me o'er her eares, the jade must have spilt
 “ me, had I not fortunatelie fell into a buckthorne bush,
 “ where, as goode lucke would have it, I hung securelie
 “ by mine own deare heade !”

PAGE 3.—Not GENUINE.

TENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

XLV.—Duke of N—k.

"Should a man in these hurlie-burle daies, be per-
 "mitted to weare a heade on his shoulders, let him not
 "quarrel about the colour of it!—but if they *powder*
 "mine, they shall eate it into the bargaine!—I'll weare
 "my nob as long as I can, in *fable*, for the frailties of
 "my bodie!—The knaves knewe, that my sole delighte
 "were in *rape* and *canarie*, and therefore have they clap-
 "ped a double taxe on our Women, and Wine!"

PAGE 55.—GENUINE.

XLVI.—C—fs M—x—h.

— “ That insinuating creature Man,
“ Woos us to cut the Gordian knot in twaine,
“ Which ties the slender bande of wedded love !
“ Tho’ Woman’s train’d to trim the Vestale lampe,
“ It will not save her from the gazing eye
“ Of lawles rapture !—O’er my witching face,
“ I throwe my flowinge ringlets as I passe,
“ To guarde me from their lookes lascivious ;
“ And yet the wanton windes weave them in snares
“ To trap me fillie men so very faste,
“ That for my soule I cannot set them free !”

PAGE 30.—*Not GENUINE.*

XLVII.—Mr. B—DH—D.

“ Our Houfe is sometimes haunted with evil sprites
“ of fantasticke shapes, and colours ! Once in twelve
“ moones, they turn it out o’ th’ windowes, and I am
“ placed belowe to catch it !—The neighbours saye,
“ there’s rare witte in all these doings—but in the quiet
“ meekness of my harte, I ne’er could finde it out !”

PAGE 88.—*GENUINE.*

XLVIII.—Mrs. P—21.

" I knewe her the wife of honest *Guzman*, a good com-
" pounder of *Malte*, and *Hoppes*;—then had she the rea-
" sonable use of her mother-tongue.—No sooner was he
" defuncte, than she became enamoured of foreigne dig-
" nities,—wedded a *Milanese piper*, and travelled o'er the
" Appenines to the tune of his boxe of whistles!—On her
" returne, she set up a feminine manufactory, for wea-
" ving *conversations superfine*!—These tabies pronounced
" the destinies of their owne sexe like *Sybils*, and became
" haters of mankind, because men liked them not! nay,
" the whimsical jades wore stockings of *skie-blue*, not
" having a leg among 'em to catch an eye, without the
" noveltie of colouringe!"

PAGE 68.—GENUINE.

ELEVENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

XLIX.—Sir R—B—T M—CKR—H.

“ I have ventured at last to be touched with *colde iron*,
“ which argues consequence, as well as valour!—To
“ have a shining blade whipped across my humble
“ shoulder, by the dexter hande of Sovereigntie, gives
“ me the *polish of gentilitie*, which rubs out everie spot
“ of *vulgar rust* ! At the first call to the presence royale,
“ *Coming up !*” says I, as cheerfullie as ever ! on which
“ the Lordes and Ladies of the Courte, in admiration of
“ my witte, were pleased to laugh most heartilie !—
“ Should any meddling foole aske of me, howe I came
“ thus dignified ?—marry the answer’s plaine ; because
“ I got my monies *darklie*, and as it were i’ the *nighte*, so
“ in the wisdome of greater men thap myselfe, I was
“ thought right worthie to be—be-*knichted* !”

PAGE 22.—GENUINE.

L.—Lady C—NL—FE.

“ ——— When summer revels 'gin,
 “ And through the woodland scenes, the beugle horne
 “ Calls forth the *merrie* ARCHERS—blith I leade
 “ My buskin'd nymphes, equipt with graceful bowe,
 “ To trie their skille in *Chefbire's* bloominge vale!
 “ If with more arte my feather'd arrowes flie
 “ True to the target's center—quicke I turne,
 “ A carelesse eare to flatterie's buzzing traine,
 “ Content with that fair-gotten meede of healthe,
 “ Which sportive innocence bestowes!”

PAGE 112.—*Not* GENUINE.

LI.—Lord C—TN—Y.

“ ——— I sawe it flutteringe o'er a banke of
 “ violettes, gaier than a May-born butterflie!—If our
 “ Naturalists looke not to it, we shall loose, I feare, the
 “ stocke of this sweet *non-descript* in colde extinction;
 “ for, by the masse, it seemes too delicate, t' endure the
 “ vulgar toiles of procreation!”

PAGE 78.—GENUINE.

LII.—Miss H—T—M.

“ —Nay, nay, flout me as you please, I'll keepe my
“ *spinster's* humour! What care I, if I am doom'd to
“ dance an ape in t'other worlde!—is it not better far,
“ than being chain'd to one in this?—Tell me,—have I
“ not a warme husbände in my bags of golde, in value
“ of which the sneaking fellows would faine make
“ me a wife!—For this coine of mine, which I knowe
“ how to take care of myselfe, all men are my *most de-*
“ *voted!*—sweare I have more personal attractions than
“ the Sea-born Goddesse, and that my circuitous waiste
“ is more delicatelie shaped than even *Dian's* girdle—
“ admirable conceits! But I have *laughed* at the humour
“ of these poor knaves so long, 'tis no marvel I have
“ growne FAT!”

 TWELFTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LIII.—D—ss of GL—R.

“ ——— I scorn to ask of fate
 “ Why I so regallie allied to thrones,
 “ Am thus debarred my lawful rightes of state,
 “ Of homage, fealtie, and courtlie ranke?
 “ In this long banishment from all my claimes,
 “ My woman's pride doth still sustaine
 “ The loftie bearings of a *princelie* mind!
 “ Rather than mingle with the motlie herde,
 “ Which form the fleetinge nobleffe of our land,
 “ In dignified obscuritie I'll dwell,
 “ And diet on mine own proud spleene till death !”

PAGE 21.—GENUINE.

LIV.—Earl of L—s—r.

“ Why, Sir, he hath climbed every arm of the mightie
“ *tree of Genealogie*, like a School-boie after Rookes nests;
“ and can pointe you out the oldest branch, which bore
“ his great forefather as its first fruit!—He hath a most
“ sensitive nostril for the flowers of *antiente Nobilitie*—
“ and will smell you out the stocke from our *red or white*
“ *rose*, a furlonge off!—He now delights in the sleeping
“ languages of past daies, and therefore hath he been
“ created great *Lorde Decypherer of the dead letters*!—As
“ an *Antiquarian* he is most dexterous, for he proved, in
“ the teethe of the Courte, that he was *born* before his
“ father, and therefore ought to be first *thought of*; and,
“ in truth, so he was, for he slipt his head into an *Earl's*
“ *crownet*, which they had beene preparing for his Sire!”

PAGE III4.—Not GENUINE.

LV.—Lady EL—TH F—R.

“ You say, that *Rowena* should not have been compelled
“ to wed according to the *Lawe Canonical*—marry, why?
“ because the *Lawe of Nature*, which was the first, doth
“ allow unto everie Spinster to *burn* and the like, after
“ her own discretion? So that the worlde be but well
“ stocked with *sucklings*, male and female, it matters
“ not how they were born or begotten. If they finde
“ not out their real *Dams*, give them but a good *Foster*
“ *Mother*, and that will content them!”

PAGE 13.—GENUINE.

LVI.—Earl of A——LX.

“ Oh, short indeed was that pale honie-moone
“ Which shone on our greene loves ! Could she not bear
“ The mild remonstrance which affection moved,
“ To shielde our blended pride from painful claimes
“ Necessitie might rudelie presse !—Alas,
“ If from-that breaste, which I so fondlie made
“ The secreet treasurie of all my thoughts,
“ I could not counsel ask, nor seek repose,
“ Twas well to sever thus our fates in twaine !—
“ Come, little off-spring of our short-lived blisse,
“ Dear tokens of your parent's happier daies,
“ Take now the other share of my foul's love,
“ Which she that bore you deems not worth her keepinge !”

PAGE 44.—Not GENUINE.

THIRTEENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LVII.—P—fs EL—TH.

— “ Heaven blefs her merrie harte! and keepe all
“ sorrowe from it!—She is the sweet-tuned fiddle of her
“ father's Courte, where no true pastime can be known
“ without her!—Each bower, and hall, she decks with
“ such true grace, that you might sweare where'er she
“ moves, perpetual Spring attends her!—Oh! blithsome
“ *Princefs*! long may the mirth of innocence be thine,
“ and thou the faire dispenser of its power, to turn aside
“ those barbed shaftes, which fate full oft doth forge,
“ wherewith to wounde the bosome of a *Kinge*!”

PAGE 114.—GENUINE.

LVIII.—Earl Gr——r.

— “ I met a *Yeoman-pricker* of the Chace, who,
 “ piteous fellowe,—pointed me sadlie out, a noble an-
 “ tient, *Stag*, the feates, and frolickes of whose youthe
 “ were gone !—At ruttinge time, now dothe he seeke the
 “ rushie-bottomed glen, thence to behold his succcessors
 “ trip by in lustie rivalrie, leading the amorous herde at
 “ pleasure o’er the heathe, while he dothe deeplie figh
 “ for sportes now paste, and shed in lonelie solitude his
 “ hornes !”

PAGE 4.—GENUINE.

LIX.—D——fs H——l—n.

“ Soft, unsuspecting sifterhood of mine,
 “ Ere you the hand of innocence bestowe
 “ On wooinge man—marke well, I praie,
 “ The temper of his minde !—Oh ! wed ye not
 “ To brutal fullenefs, in Lordlie shape,
 “ Or lowe vulgaritie disguised in state.
 “ Unheedinge this, incautioufflie I fell
 “ From all the virgin pleasures of my youthe,
 “ To miseries almost confined to me,
 “ The titled shadowe of a *widowed WIFE* !”

PAGE 88.—Not GENUINE.

LX.—Sir Jos. B.—xs.

- “ Why have I circled wide the varying poles ?
 “ Search’d Nature to her source in every clime,
 “ Survey’d her animals, her plants, and flowers,
 “ Learnt every particle of fande by name,
 “ And lowlie dust of which vain man’s compounded ?
 “ Why ranfack’d thus the ever-changeful globe,
 “ But to extende the social intercourse
 “ Twixt heaven’s created beings ?—This I’ve done,
 “ And moulded to one common will with mine
 “ Two * *Creatures* opposite in Nature’s scale ;
 “ Unbente their aukwarde dignitie of minde,
 “ To share with me equalitie of rights.
 “ Two yeares their bathful modestie I woo’d,
 “ Ere they, by joint consent, would imitate
 “ Man’s daily avocations : docile growne,
 “ They now will reason with me on the square,
 “ Hop where I walke, and rest if I but pause !
 “ Eate when I feede, and sleepe at my repose !
 “ Thus we instinctivelie philosophize
 “ On all our little wantes for fleetinge life !

PAGE 21.—GENUINE.

* *Alluding, as Mr. MALONE sbrewdly suspects, to the extraordinary whim of a Naturalist in those days, who devoted his latter years to the humane office of taming a TOAD, and a BADGER ! After reconciling their rude antipathies, he domesticated them with so much address to his own family, as at last to boast of them, as a pair of the most rational beings in the whole circle of his acquaintance !*

FOURTEENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LXI.—M—q—fs of S—r.

“ — Yes, that is the great *Polonius* himself!—He
“ doth expect the humble homage of our knee—and must
“ have it!—I prithee call him not a shallow-witted Lorde,
“ when his wife head is crammed so full of braines,
“ that he knowes not which way to turne them!—Some
“ whimsical God, in heathenish daies! decreed, that he
“ should be born a loftie man, and a mightie!—He is the
“ *Custos Morum* of the *Harmonique Spheres*, under whose
“ authoritie poor *Bardes*, and *Minstrels*, are whipped from
“ tything to tything!—likewise a deep Astronomer, skill-
“ ed in the signs from *Taurus* to *Capricorn*! and so great
“ a *Naturaliste*, that he knowes the *buddinge* season by the
“ note of the prophetick *Cuckoe*!

PAGE 87.—GENUINE.

FOURTEENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LXII.—Lady W—m R—l.

" Oh, dearest Nurse ! and it be like its father, as you
 " saie, and a lovelie *boy*, see quicklie if it's prettie mouthe
 " be furnished with a *tongue* !—and it be tied, I praie you
 " cut, with tender care the ligature in twaine, that the
 " maladie of silence be not entailed upon our line of
 " *Males* ! Were it a *girl*—such pains were useles, as its
 " *Grând Mama*, who hathe not yet the *fruitful arte* for-
 " sworne, full oft declared, no female progenie of hers
 " could be devoid of *prattling powers* !"

PAGE 187.—GENUINE.

LXIII.—Duke of R—M—D.

— “ With fronte of colde, and weather-beaten brasse,
“ Sullen he moved, and slowe, like batt’ring-ramme,
“ As if he plann’d indignantly to raze
“ His own proude battlements!—then suddenlie
“ With humble creft he spake!—
“ In mine own workes, chin-deep was I entrench’d,
“ Cover’d with *bastions* raised from mines of golde,
“ Defyinge *sap*! or *siege*! or *coup-de main*!
“ Till one *howitzer*, mounted on an height,
“ So gall’d my *flanke*—*dismounted* all my *gunnes*,
“ That I a *parlie* beat!—no *honours* ask’d,
“ But *march’d me out*, unable to contende
“ Against the wretchedful ORDINANCE of Heaven!”

PAGE 101.—Not GENUINE.

LXIV.—Lady W.—L.—C.E.

“ These are not the times to stand upon a punctilious
“ observance of sexe, or to hide a masculine boldness
“ under the flimsie veil of female delicacie !—Looke upon
“ the Scottish *bonnie BELL* !—a *be-se* citizen of everie
“ lande ! She wears you mens’ *sillebega* looselie like a
“ *Turke* !—can *box* with Datchet bargemen,—*swim* like
“ a mermaid with her fair face upwards !—and push low
“ quarte with the nimblest masters of th’ assault !—So
“ amphibiouslie created, as to be ready for any service, by
“ sea, or lande ! I’ve seen her toss off a glafs of flip, and
“ dance a reele on deck, while the weather-beaten vessel
“ was shaking under three reefed sails !—Put on shore,
“ she would flie to the beat of martial drum, hoiste up
“ her under-petticoat to drie, and while it was shot at by
“ Kentishe *Volunteers*, laugh at the bungling marksmen,
“ for not hitting the target in the bull’s eye !”

PAGE 55.—GENUINE.

FIFTEENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LXV.—Princess R—L.

- " No, in good sooth!—I am not one of those
" To breathe out sighes for that vain creature Man
" To lorde it o'er me in an unknown clime!
" Too soone the softe delusion of his tongue
" A changeful husband turns to wanton dames!
" Let others then in patient silence sit,
" And see each Ladie of their Courte carest,
" Or lowlie handmaid of their house preferr'd;
" But I'll ne'er pine, or fade in splendid sorrowe,
" Compell'd to weare the semblance of delighte,
" While my swoln harte is rending with its grief!
" In peace domestique rather let me dwelle
" Within the bosome of my native isle,
" Nor barter blessings of a British growthe,
" For foreigne miserie in state arrây'd!

LXVI.—Duke of M—CH.

“ — He was a marvellous admirer of the *Antients*,
 “ and recommended the antique coinage to the treasury
 “ of his friends, content himself with hoarding up the
 “ golden produce of the moderne mints! In worldly wisdom
 “ he had a right saving knowledge, so that he
 “ wasted you no more *wordes*, than *pifforines*!—As a greater
 “ man he panted after elbowe-roome—and gained it, by
 “ adding unnumber’d acres to his vaste domains! He followed
 “ not his martial progenitor in surrounding vast
 “ Empires, but indulged himself in the pacifique plan of
 “ drawing a line of circumvallation round a single *Sbire*!
 “ —For this, upon his table soveraignlie becarpetted, do
 “ lie the maps, and charts of neighbouring demesnes,
 “ which, as a mortal with an *earthlie*-minde, his eye
 “ doth greedilie devour!”

PAGE 99.—Not GENUINE.

LXVII.—Mr. T—R—V—S.

" I marvel whether it be profitable, or not, in *Jerwe*, or
" *Gentile*, to chaunte ballades of bawdrie for loose Lordes,
" and crack luscious jokes to yielde them the kernels,
" till time hath left him tootheles?"

PAGE 181.—GENUINE.

LXVIII.—Lady D—Y T—M—N.

" In daies of yore, I drewe God's Creatures male about
" me by the light of a lovelie countenance! I had an *eye*
" then which made some of them smart for it: but that's
" gone-by. So now with lengthened veil, and demitie
" coats cut short, I fallie forthe in everie flaunting breeze,
" and make them prance like madmen after me, to the
" elastic spring of my well-turned leg; while I, a flying
" Daphne, chide the rude windes which give it to their
" view!—As for the lost expression of an *eye*, it mat-
" ters not, because a *willing tongue* abundantlie sup-
" plies it!"

PAGE 48.—Not GENUINE.

SIXTEENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LXIX.—Lord K—Y—N.

“ — If he be not great grandson to the pepper-corn
 “ *Llewellen*, then knowe I noughte of the race of *Antiente Britons*!—but let that pass.—When a striplinge,
 “ he did serve by virtue of indenture tripartite, old *Capias*,
 “ a flie bag foxe of the Lawe hard bye the *Wreken*! there
 “ picked he up the minor *quirkes*, and *quidlibets*; but to
 “ the darker mysteries of the blacke Arte, he entered a
 “ *demurrer*! From retailinge Lawe thus in small portions
 “ averdupoise, he became by degrees the greate dispenser
 “ of that wholesome drug to the King's wide common-
 “ weale! Still kepte he his ballance so nicelie poised,
 “ that yieldinge to no other weighte, a single scruple of
 “ his own conscience would turne the beame. Some
 “ liken him to a cholorique Chymiste, whose virtue is
 “ tried by his own *fire*;—but what heedes the outwarde
 “ wrathe of him, who hathe a minde within, pure as
 “ the mountaine aire which first he breathed!”

LXX.—C—fs W—dc—ve.

“ Far from the worlde retired,
“ In plaintive widowhoode she past her daies!
“ The deeplie-graven image of her LORDE
“ Was treasured at her harte, and there faste bound
“ By the dear pledges of a well-tried love!
“ Each fleetinge houre she call'd her little traine,
“ Looked for some featured copie of their Sire,
“ In fonde expectancie that she might trace
“ A buddinge likenesse in each youthful minde,
“ Sweete proxie of the noble worthe the lost!”

PAGE 166.—GENUINE.

LXXI.—Earl P—T.

“ Yes, yes, I tell you! the same COUNT TIVOLIO
“ who did pennance last Lent at the Roman Carnival!
“ A man of taste so much refined, that he will dance
“ along the flintie way to *Mantua* barefooted, to the tune
“ of a good dinner, so that you call not on him to paie
“ the piper! He hathe a nature created with exquisite
“ sensibilitie for bodilie endurance! He saith in veritie,
“ that man was fashioned for long sufferinges; that if
“ they tosse him up a chimnie like a pancake, he ought
“ not to murmur—nor complain of those who may
“ kindlie beat him as they do a Turkie carpet, to get the
“ dirt out of it by manual compunction!”

PAGE 91.—Not GENUINE.

LXXII.—D—fs of G—D—N.

" Ken you that Dame from t'other side the *Tweede* ?—
 " 'Tis the gaie wife of the puissant Thane!—Becoming
 " as Gossip Fame reports, an analyser of Burgundian
 " juices, they caught her faire face like the wildfire of
 " *St. Anthoine*, and cruellie marred its beauties!—Under
 " the radiance of her owne countenance, she can now
 " warmlie delineate all Heaven's created things by their
 " proper names, without further blushing!—Rearing a
 " broode of March chicks wifelie, she did kindlie accom-
 " modate two sucking Dukes with a pair of them, as
 " greate bridale bargaines! and for her prettie nestlinge
 " that remains, she doth promise to herself as goode a
 " market!—Ever merrie is her heart, that trips it
 " lightlie to a joyous reele, and politique her heade,
 " that gaines her the choicest secrets that passe between
 " the poles!"

PAGE 113.—Not GENUINE.

SEVENTEENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LXXIII.—D—ke of G—FT—N.

" How is it, lordie Senators, that a smuggled dash of
 " the *bloode regalle* curdlinge in a mortal man's veines,
 " should freeze up the genial currente of his soule?—If
 " any one hathe neede to gaze upon the puiffante *Hugolto*,
 " it must be at distance vast! for he is more loftie than
 " any other of God's creatinge, by many cubittes! Prouder
 " in prosperitie than a pamper'd War-horse, although in
 " jeopardie of state he bends his raven crest, till you may
 " drive him before you like a pinion'd Storke: so im-
 " perious in a fiede of hunters, that every one is inclined
 " to become his WHIPPER-IN right heartilie! 'Tis said
 " an aguish kind of love-fit attacked him, tottering under
 " the excels of power, and that the same palpitation
 " shooke him out of his Mistrefs, and his Place! A raie of
 " sunshine once rudelie broke o'er the darke horizon of
 " his visage, and forced a smile; but in penance for the
 " familiar deede, he hathe thenceforth doomed his face
 " to the planetarie influence of a digets eclipse!"

I XXIV.—C—fs of D—BY.

“ Lo! milde *Rowena* to her friendes restored,
“ And all the meedes of innocence and peace,
“ Lookes on the troubled waters she has past
“ With wonder at her owne deliverance !
“ Still her faire browe its diadem displaies,
“ Which female artes would faine have wrested from her.
“ Pitying she sees a rival queene be-deckt
“ With fancied coronettes of changeful hue ;
“ While she with witte and pleasantrie beguiles
“ The fleeting houres ; nor doth a painful fighe
“ Her bosom move, save one of penitence
“ For waywarde errors of unguided youthe !
“ Oh ! there be those, who sufferinge like her
“ Had sighd their little hartes in twaine—nay wept
“ Two lovelie eyes to ceaseles founts of sorrowe !”

PAGE 44.—Not GENUINE.

LXXV.—Lord B—c—vz.

“ Why, even in the goe-carte of the schooles was he
“ made to prattle like unto a linguiste of *Athens*, having
“ his gums rubbed every mornigge with a *Greeke* coral
“ by his Alma Mater!—With his yeares grewe an itch-
“ inge ambition to become a maker of orations in the
“ dead languages, which few men livinge might compre-
“ hende: for this, he attempted to speake with the peb-
“ ble of *Demosthenes* in his mouthe before the astonished
“ Senate, which becominge unmanageable, it did unfor-
“ tunatelie begagg the asprireinge Declaimer!”

PAGE 55.—Not GENUINE.

LXXVI.—C—fs of B—K—M—RE.

— “ Playing in all shapes, and kindes, doth marvel-
“ louslie delighte me!—I can play most adroitlie at a
“ *rounde game*; and a busie knife and forke at a *rounde*
“ *table*!—Although our Stage be on the decline, I mar-
“ vel much if it can fall while I continue the maine
“ prop of the Theatre!—Whene’er I do enacte, beare I
“ not all before me? Ev’n the last time I did perform a
“ moveinge parte in a piece militarie at the Duke’s privie
“ Drama, as I carried off the west-end of a fortified towne
“ in my retreate through the side wings of his Grace’s
“ scencrie! The next parte I do assume will be that of
“ the Jewishe *Shylocke*, findinge my owne propertie of
“ *bearde*—after which I will have my *pound of fleshe* for
“ supper, or my cooke shall answer for the defaulte by
“ losse of his vocation!”

PAGE 166.—Not GENUINE.

EIGHTEENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LXXVII.—Earl of H—TH.

“ Though begotten in a cloudie nighte, he was most
“ noble brought forth under lunar influence, and there-
“ fore soon became a dabbler in mysteries cœlestial ! He
“ was so well with the planettes, that he could put you
“ off an *Eclipse* for three weeks upon a stretch, to the
“ great confusion of all astronomers !—Descended from
“ King *Bladud* in a converse line, he did decree himselfe
“ hereditarie ruler of the tepid *Baths*, and there tumbled
“ into *hot water* by virtue of his owne special preroga-
“ tive !—As for *Minstrels*, and *Shew-folkes*, he banished
“ them his dominion, because they played the foole more
“ wifelie than their better !”

PAGE III4.—GENUINE.

LXXVIII.—P—fs M—RY.

" Amid the princelie blossomes which adorne
 " Old *Windsor's* happie shades, can Nature shewe
 " A fairer flower to blesse each ravish'd sence?
 " More bloominge as she teems in beautie's scale,
 " Her minde with all the social graces stor'd,
 " Growes riper yet in sweete benevolence.—
 " Heroic youthes, for chivalrie renown'd,
 " When foreigne warfares shall no longer rage,
 " Turne to this isle your royale course in peace;
 " Here viewing well the lovelie treasure, saie,
 " Is't fitting this faire forme should fade unseen,
 " Like the pale lillie in sequester'd vale?"

PAGE 222.—Not GENUINE.

LXXIX.—Arch—p of Y—.

“ In these hacking times of war, see that your mitred
 “ *Abbottes* be formed out of bluffe materials—men who
 “ will fall to fightinge ere they have whistled o’er their
 “ holie mattins!—Commende unto me for the heade of
 “ the true *Churche Militante*, the most reverend *Thwack-*
 “ *baussen*!—he hathe a mightie arme for conqueringe the
 “ stubborne fleshe of others, and from his earliest daies
 “ hath ruled it with a birchen sceptre!”

PAGE 23.—Not GENUINE.

LXXX.—Mrs. C—nc—n.

+ “ — Our house is destined for the scene of whimsical
 “ adventures! Unrobeinge myselfe in my chamber the
 “ other nighte, methoughte I heard some strange noise
 “ not far distant from my bed!—fearfullie I searched in
 “ vaine, the place most likelie to conceal a man—but
 “ lookinge underneath the vallence, I espied one, at the
 “ sighte of whome my life-bloode ebbed, and in my
 “ swoone the ruffian ’scap’d away!—What his businesse
 “ could be *under* the bed I cannot divine—but he meant
 “ no goode, or surelie he had not been there!”

PAGE 321.—GENUINE.

NINETEENTH DAY'S TRIAL.

LXXXI.—Mrs. M—ST—RS.

" Havocke I wotte, hathe this faire Syren made
" 'Mid poore mens mortal hartes, bestriken with
" The keene blue light'ning of her roguish eyes!
" Still beautie's flauntinge banner she displaies
" With all the little loves so cluster'd rounde,
" That TIME himselfe enlistes her gaie gallante,
" Bids all her yeares roll pleasurable on,
" Allowes nor furrowe to despoile her browe,
" Nor fingle rose-bud to forsake her cheeke,
" That to his desolating power no charge
" Might lie, for losse of lovelinesse so rare!"

PAGE 123.—GENUINE.

LXXXII.—Duke of CL—CE.

—— “ Amphibious form’d,
“ O’er sea and land indignantlie he roll’d,
“ As if no element beneathe the starres
“ Were worthie his dominion !—Yet stoop’d he
“ To female yoke, and humblie then became
“ The foster father of some merrie pranks
“ Which his harte’s *Quean* with other folke had play’d !
“ Though he’s a Princelie Chiefe of bouncing wordes
“ One pepperinge vollie of her comicke clacke
“ Larums his mightie soul to mute subjection !”

PAGE 44.—*Not GENUINE.*

LXXXIII.—Miss P—LH—M.

“ Oh! the she-sharkes who surrounde the tables of
“ chance, devoured all my ducattes in my youthe, and
“ now they shie at my miserie, like a prieste at a poore
“ mendicant!—I am nightlie refused the loane of a single
“ stake for one solitarie cocke; so that, biteinge my fin-
“ gers ends in madnesse, I sit now an idle spectator of
“ fortune's mischiefe, without a consoling share in the
“ undoinge of others!”

PAGE 20.—*Not GENUINE.*

LXXXIV.—Mr. M—DLET—N.

“ What art thou, *memorie*, but a rash obtruder?—nay a
“ fell despoiler of man’s fortune ! The little share of thy
“ retentive facultie I do possesse, I will use as warie
“ men do a darke lanthorne, making it visiblie onlie to
“ illumine their owne pathe !—For my parte, I’ll put a
“ remembrance on no one’s wordes—not even on my
“ owne, if it be not my goode pleasure—Why should I
“ weare a *memorie*, like a tablet on a market crosse, to
“ make inquisitive knaves as wise as myselfe?—I am
“ well travelled i’ th’ manners of the *East*; so that,
“ would men derive information from me, it must be as
“ from the radiant dial, which answers interrogatorie
“ none, unlesse you make the sun to shine right smil-
“ inglie upon it !”

PAGE 10.—GENUINE.

TWENTIETH DAY's TRIAL.

LXXXV.—Marquiss C—nw—s.

—— “ What though his bodie
“ Yelde to the fraile infirmities of nature,
“ His loftie mind atchievements hath in store,
“ O'er which brighte Honour prouddie may displaie
“ His purest standarde!—Not in carnaged fieldes
“ Beflowed with human gore, are we to searche
“ For his faire fame, but in surviving hostes,
“ In vanquish'd countries, and their prostrate chieffes
“ Rescued by him from wanton desolation:
“ Such are th' heroicke deedes which Virtue claimes
“ Of mightie valour!”

PAGE 76.—GENUINE.

LXXXVI.—Miss VAN—CK.

— “ They shall find me somebodie in the *Presence*
“ Chamber, since they have chosen me Bearer of her
“ Highness’ Privie Purse!—Though as yet but an *emptie*
“ honour, I do accept it in the fullness of my grace right
“ thankfullie.—Nowe that I grow in state, as well as sta-
“ ture, the PRINCE may comment at his pleasure on the
“ comeliness of my person; and I will give the Wag a
“ grilled Capon, with catches and gleees, whenever it
“ may suite his royal humour to sojourn with me so-
“ berlie at midnichte!”

PAGE 22.—Not GENUINE.

LXXXVII. Earl of Inc—q—n.

— “ By the holie St. *Patricke*, but I have been a
“ spend-thrife after the polite artes, by which I might
“ be able one day or t’other to turn a saving pennie!—
“ Being born executor to Sir *Launcelot* the great Limner,
“ I had the over-rummaging of all his pieces, both dead
“ and alive! Och! to be sure and I did not espie me a
“ prettie tight *kit-cat* among them, in which there was
“ *goode keeping*: so with a little *oyle varnishe* of Blarney,
“ I brought out the beauties of the sweete Crater, to se-
“ cure them, d’ye see, in my own private Collection!”

PAGE 33.—Not GENUINE.

LXXXVIII.—C—fs of B—SB—GH.

- “ Far you might trace ROWENA’S sad returne
“ By teares incessante which bedew’d her way :
“ Ah ! wherefore journie into distante climes
“ For that repose the minde had lost at home ?
“ Swiftlie the rumour of our early deedes
“ Flies on before us, and dothe of-times blighte
“ Those poppie flowrets which our fancie rear’d
“ To strew oblivious o’er our sorrowes past !—
“ Rest now faire wanderer within our isle ;
“ And if domestique solace thou wouldst knowe,
“ Oh shun the *Circe* artes of thine own sexe,
“ Which ruine more, than those of man’s undoing !”

PAGE 101.—GENUINE.

TWENTY-FIRT DAY'S TRIAL.

LXXXIX.—Duke of R—T L—D.

— “ If I had not escaped me from the under-petti-
“ coates of these *doatinge* DOWAGERS, they would have
“ smothered my peering manhoode with the warmthe
“ of their maternal affection!—One of them read me
“ nightlie lectures on the beauties paramount of the
“ *antique*; and these, with boyish rapture, did I estudie,
“ until her Grace, my better-knowinge Mother, chid me
“ for my follie, and bade me launche my buoyant barque
“ upon the flowing tide of youtheftul transportes !”

PAGE 87.—GENUINE.

XC.—March—Is of T—CH—D.

“ Saie, when you likened it to new fallen snowe,
“ And planted countlesse kisses on my hande,
“ Was it in rapture o’er its outwarde shape,
“ Or what its golden palme did then containe ?
“ Whate’er the motive of this worshipec—take’t,
“ And all the treasure which it dothe possesse :
“ I praie you look not scrupulouslie nice
“ At its contents ;—of *golde* there is enough
“ To rub, and polishe o’er the rustie spots
“ With which dire povertie dothe sometimes blur
“ The noblest ermine !—Howe it were begotte,
“ That heede not now : should some be found that’s base,
“ ’Tis fitter barter for those bauble plumes

“ With

" With which weak women do their pride ennoble !
" Husbände this wealthe right well my Lorde, if not
" Your wife ; 'twill aide you in those times of neede,
" When vain distinctions may be trod to duste,
" And all your plighted vowes be lost in aire !
" —So take me as you found me, SCOT, and lot !
" But see you fairlie *deal* at present by me,
" For I was trained to know when people do * *plaie foule*."

PAGE 210.—Not GENUINE.

* Mr. MALONE, but with a becoming diffidence on so delicate a point, is inclined to think " that the immortal BARD here levels a favourite PUN at some family anecdotes, well known at that æra in the Annals of GAMING."

XCI.—Mr. Secretary W—ND—M.

— “ How sharplie sette are all his seven wittes for
“ the affaires of State! Amidst our Sovereigne Lorde’s
“ right sapiente advisers, that’s the man who will make
“ the most of a shatter’d braine, my life on’t! By the
“ masse, but he will sub-divide you the pericranium hu-
“ man into as many crooked axioms as there be haire on
“ the scalpe of a wilde Indian! then so deeplie skilled is
“ he in your mathematiques, that he will set any one’s
“ toothe on edge by the mere fileing of his logical sawe!
“ —Most wiselie did they constitute him their *Secretarie*
“ of WARFARE, because he could write a legible hande
“ in slaughter; nay, and prove upon a pinche, by his
“ *bob-minors* and *majors*, that the *Constitution* is physically
“ undone, unlesse it be let *bloode* freelie in the KYNGE’s
“ name!”

XCII.—Mrs. GR—Y.

“ This wedded sparke of mine woulde make a husbande
“ far more conjugal, if he were a *Statesman* lefs confe-
“ quential!—At times, when I do fondlie interpret the
“ language of a looke, to the gaze of admiration on the
“ person he did sweare to love, for better and for worse—
“ he dothe my verie soule bechill with some exclamation
“ of—*the GENTLEMAN in his eye!*”—Now quicklie turn-
“ ing rounde, threatens to—“ *divide the House*”—with
“ which in wedlocke he endowed me!—Anon he whif-
“ pers in mine ear somewhat of “ *a motion he would make;*
“ —but soone, alack, cries out, “ I’ve lost it by the
“ *previous question!*”—Heaven defende his sweete wittes,
“ and direct them to one faire point of love or politiques,
“ for, in their divided state, I feare he’ll marr them
“ bothe!”

TWENTY-SECOND DAY'S TRIAL.

XCIII.—Sir JOSEPH M—WB—Y.

“ I am neighbour, at nexte doore, to Sir HUGO BOREI-
“ SKIN, the sturdie Knighte, who picked up his crumbes
“ in the pig-market ! The comelie sausage-women hard
“ by the Poultrie do bend the knee of curtisie to his
“ worship, because he dealeth hugelie in swine's fleshe !
“ —Once on a time he was accounted a man of witte,
“ and then fitlie chosen to represent his own hoggerie in
“ sage convention. Moreover, he had an intrigue with
“ an underlinge of the *Muses*, from whence sprung *Christ-*
“ *mas Carrols*, and *Bellmen's Verses*, to the marvellous an-
“ noyance of sounde sleepers ! ”

PAGE 66.—Not GENUINE.

XCIV.—Countess of CH—TH—M.

- “ Aye! there's a creature feminine, of whome
“ The worlde may proudlie boast.—With store of charmes
“ And blandishments that so bedeck the sexe,
“ She, from the yieldinge of her gentle harte,
“ Hathe walk'd fair honour's hand-maide,—earlie shunn'd
“ The flauntinge scenes of *Courte* parade, to acte
“ The humbler duties of domestique life.
“ Simplic attired, as innocent in minde,
“ With all the sweete benevolences graced,
“ Her polish, 'came by habit so engrained,
“ That Slander's biteing file could never touche it!”

PAGE 55.—GENUINE.

XCV.—Mr. STR—T, (late Member for MALDON.)

— “ No idle prater he, but a dealer in fewe wordes;
“ and those he doth vouchsafe to utter, carrie with them
“ a convincing charme! There is ev’n such magique in
“ his monosyllables, that a single *negation* of his i’ th’
“ Senate hath strucke your *Partie-mongers* dumbe!”

PAGE 46.—GENUINE.

XCVI.—Lady MARY D—NC—N.

— “Because it did her Ladie-ship delighte, to mounte
“ her on some *barren staffe*, like *birchen broome*, she was a
“ WEIRD SISTER, wrongfullie y’clep’d!—In veritie she
“ is the widowed remnant of the DUNCAN race, allied
“ to rapes, and massacres of yore!—for this hathe she un-
“ sexed herself to mortal fighte, that men might marvel
“ on her gender, and she avoide those perils known to
“ bothe!—She hathe a meltinge soule for melodie, which
“ in charitie she lendes to *knaves despoiled*, who chaunte
“ their earlie losse in lamentable straines!”

PAGE 39.—Not GENUINE.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY'S TRIAL.

XCVII.—Lord W——M G——AD——N.

“ Time was, I roved through beautil's gay parterre,
“ And cull'd the sweetest blossomes of the spring :
“ But now, alack ! mine own poor leaf grows seare
“ And fadeth with the frailties of the fleshe !
“ Then what availe the youthful daies I've known,
“ The fillie hartes with perjured vowes I've limed,
“ And all the pageantrie of lawlesse love ?”

PAGE 66.—*Not GENUINE.*

XCVIII.—Mrs. M—YN—L.

— “ My kennel-bred Sparke, dothe fume and frette,
“ like one of his own mad packe, at the parchinge
“ drought which thus his *Chace* delaies.—Indeed I think
“ it longe myself ere he can hie his mettled houndes once
“ more to cover—till then, the harvest is kept backe
“ from which I yearlie reape my gaier prodigalities. For
“ this, like *DIAN* do I fit the jollie matron of an Hun-
“ ter’s boarde, while *minor Dukes* and *whelp-linge Lordes*
“ with bumpers charged, to me appeal, on *flyinge Leapes*
“ which they so madlie take?—whose *leatherne gaskins*
“ are of trimmest shape? or who does *talliboo* the sighted
“ Foxe in straines of loudest dissonance?”

PAGE 56.—Not GENUINE.

XCIX.—Admiral Lord Br—DE—T.

— “ That sturdie son of *Neptune* doth mine humour
“ suite right well :—where’er his streamers flie, they so
“ be-lorde it o’er the element of waters, that not a fingle
“ *Gallique* barque will he permit to ride in suretie on it !
“ —Roughe as the blowinge tempest of the Northe is he
“ afloate—but when on shore, the milder influences pre-
“ vaile againe, and fwaye his minde to calm urbanitie !”

PAGE 114.—GENUINE.

C.—D——fs of D—v—RE.

" Saie, how can earthe's grofs meteors long abide,
" When heaven's owne planets topple from their height ?
" Yon lovelie orbe which nowe is on the wane,
" And but by shepherdes seene at twilight grey,
" Was once the morning starre that did arise
" Most radiantlie be-gemmed !—A gazing worlde
" Confest its genial influence around !
" Wise men did journie from the Easte to view 't,
" And bend in humble adoration of its power !
" But now 'tis falling from its circled heighte,
" To leave a darkened void 'mid beautie's sphere !"

PAGE 221.—GENUINE.

The first of these is the question of the
relative importance of the various factors
which have been mentioned above. It is
not possible to give a definite answer to
this question, but it is clear that the
relative importance of the various factors
will vary with the nature of the problem
under consideration. In some cases, the
relative importance of the various factors
will be the same, while in other cases
it will be different. This is a question
which must be decided on a case-by-case
basis. It is not possible to give a
definite answer to this question, but it
is clear that the relative importance of
the various factors will vary with the
nature of the problem under consideration.

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END OF VOL. I.
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END OF VOL. I